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— Winston Chin

CONTENTS

Stories and Articles

THE NEW HOBBY	Howard Rosenblum	3
THE SWAMP-WATER SQUATTER	Peter Ioannilli	6
STREETLIGHTS CAST NO SHADOWS	Thomas F. Burns	9
GOOD LUCK FROM Z TO H	James J. DiGiorgio	12
SHERWOOD	Thomas Brady	16
THE CONSERVATIVE MAINSTREAM	Larry Landrigan	20
EDITORIAL		24
YE R.R.R.	Ye R.R.R.	26

Verse

A SENSE OF ACCOMPLISHMENT	J. Wenholt	5
GREEN GLASSES	Stephen McMahon	5
KEEP IT — AS YOUR WORLD	Charles Dobrusin	5
TWILIGHT	Translation from H. Heine Norman Novack	8
"GET A HAIRCUT"	Thomas Spisak	8
ARTIFICIAL IMITATION LIFE	Ross Anderson	11
PLIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE	Ross Anderson	11
IT'S A COLD DAY	Ross Anderson	11
BLESSING	Norman Novack	14
VERSE	Steven Gluzband	15
KADZIS POETRY	Peter F. Kadzis	15
OUTSIDE THE WAKE	Peter F. Kadzis	15
CHRISTMAS '69	Norman Novack	17
DEPARTURE	Stephen McMahon	18
HERE IS A CANDLE	Charles Dobrusin	18
STRANGERS	Thomas Yaroshuk	18
ALAS FOR FREEDOM OF RELIGION	Paul Sheckki	19
I WAS IN A '52 FORD	Peter F. Kadzis	19
THE PYRAMID	Stephen McMahon	19
SUN	James Wenholt	19
ARTERIOSCLEROSIS	Stephen McMahon	23
LIFE'S IRONY	Stephen McMahon	23
EVERY DAY CAN'T BE GOOD FRIDAY OR CAN IT?	James Wenholt	25

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THE NEW HOBBY

Howard Rosenblum '72

"NICE TO SEE YOU back here, Joe," said an elderly man, leaning on the porch of the small suburban house. The man was Charlie Parkhill, practically a life-long friend and neighbor to Joe McCann.

"Well, it's always nice to be back home," commented McCann, rocking slowly in a chair which stood in the sunniest part of the porch.

"You must have had quite a time in South America with all those different people and strange customs," questioned the other man.

"Sure was a great vacation. Beautiful weather, easy atmosphere, interesting people." McCann thought back to the days before the trip. All his friends had told him to get away from his regular routine after his wife had died. Somehow he had never been able to get over the reality of her death. It had changed him, and others had noticed this. So he had quit his job and had gone south for one year. Ah — Brazil, he began to dream —

"So what's an old man like you going to do with all his spare time?" asked Parkhill. Both men began to chuckle. Each was seventy years old and constantly kidded the other about their age.

"Well, I picked up a few new hobbies last year —"

"New hobbies? — Really?"

"Yeah — I've gone into painting and sculpturing. It's a very popular pastime down around Brazil. I even have to admit that I'm pretty good at it. Must be my hidden talent."

"I'll have to see some of your works later, Joe. I should be getting home now —"

* * * * *

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon and the summer sun shone on Joe McCann, sitting next to an easel with a block of paper and a few pencils resting on it. A view of the house across the street was sketched roughly on one of the sheets of paper. Out of the corner of his eye, McCann saw the figure of a small boy running down the street. The boy stopped in front of McCann and approached the man.

"Hello, Mr. McCann," the boy said brightly. "Could you draw my picture — please?"

Smiling, McCann looked at Timothy Broderick, age nine. The Brodericks lived about a block away from McCann and he had known Timothy ever since the boy had been born.

"Why of course, Timothy," McCann responded. "Now just sit over here and try to stay still for a little while."

The boy sat on the railing of the porch while McCann's hand glided over the paper. After half an hour had elapsed, McCann, noticing that the boy was growing restless, put his pencil down. He picked up the block of paper and showed the drawing to Timothy. The youth smiled and asked if he could take the portrait home. McCann hesitated for a moment.

"No . . . I think I'll finish it up tonight and you can pick it up tomorrow morning," McCann explained.

"Okay, Mr. McCann," Timothy replied. "Thanks a lot." The boy ran back down the street, heading for his home.

McCann collected his material and put them down inside his house. He walked down the garden path in front of the house and headed for the drugstore two blocks away.

He wandered over to the card section of the drug store. After scanning the array of designs he finally picked out a small sympathy card. He walked up to the druggist and placed the card and some change on the counter.

"How are you feeling, Joe?" the druggist asked. "Who died? Anyone close to you, Joe?" he added.

"No . . . not really. A second cousin in New York."

"Sorry to hear that."

McCann just nodded and walked out the door.

When he got home McCann took his art equipment down into his cellar, which he called his studio. He sat down next to an easel and added a few more touches to Timothy Broderick's picture. Satisfied with his work, he reached into a drawer and took out some modeling clay. With this he molded carefully a likeness of the small boy. Finished with the clay statuette, McCann picked up a small silver knife, muttered a few words in some foreign language, and slashed the figure's head. He let the model stand, with the knife left in the clay just above the boy's eyes. McCann turned away from the figure and took a pen in his hand. He wrote a few words on the card he had just bought, addressed the envelope, and put a stamp on it . . .

* * * * *

The morning sun shone brightly on Joe McCann as he sat quietly on his front porch. A familiar figure hurried up the walk to talk to him.

"Have you heard the latest news?" a voice asked quickly. It was the voice of Charlie Parkhill.

"What news?" McCann asked inquisitively.

"You know Timothy Broderick, don't you . . ."

"Sure. I just saw him yesterday."

"Well last night he fell down a long

flight of stairs. He must have hit his head on some metal object, because his forehead was split right open. He died of a contusion, the doctors say."

"That's terrible," exclaimed McCann with a shocked voice.

"Certainly is. I'm going over to the Broderick's now to see if there's anything I can do to help. Do you want to come along?"

"Not right now, Charlie. I think I'll go over later."

After Parkhill had gone, McCann took a stamped envelope out of his jacket pocket and walked down the street to the end of the block. There he deposited the card in the mailbox and ambled home . . .

* * * * *

It was one month after the death of Timothy Broderick. Joe McCann sat close to his easel on the sun-drenched porch. A small girl sat a few feet from him, posing for her portrait. The pencil swept quickly across the paper as an image soon formed of the girl. Promising to finish her picture tomorrow, McCann sent the girl home. The easel was placed inside the door and he began to walk down the quiet street.

McCann walked into the drug store and headed towards the greeting card section. He picked out a plain condolence card and brought it up to the counter.

"Sorry to ask, but who died, Joe?" inquired the druggist.

"One of my wife's aunts. Lived to be one hundred and six years old. Would you believe that?"

"Only wish I could live that long, Joe."

McCann smiled and headed home.

At home he brought his easel and paper downstairs and arranged his studio. He took out some clay and began molding the figure of a young girl . . .

a sense of accomplishment

*the remote man in the
glass booth watched as the three boys carefully
chose the stones and hurled
them through his newly-
shined windows.
the heedless youngsters
then continued their journey down the darkened street
while the man in the booth cowered
frightened of the invading air,
but he could not hold
his breath forever and soon
had to allow this strange substance
which had penetrated his abode
penetrate his very own body.
but he found that this mist
administered to him
a feeling much more alive than anything
he had ever felt before,
and leaving his shattered booth
the man strolled down the*

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— James Wenhold '70

Keep It — As Your World

*Turn toward the world.
If you see paper and plaster
If you hear grinding and screeching
If you feel tension and hate
Then turn away.
And, if you can,
Let it all pass by.*

*Come with me.
If we can see the wind as it is born
If we can hear a bud burst to a leaf
If we can feel a winter change to spring
Then stop:
Wrap your arms around life
And never let that moment go.
Know that it is good and real
Keep it — as your world.*

— Charles Dobrusin '70

Green Glasses

*I saw him quite often,
still sporting his ancient green sunglasses.
He used to walk with his young son
by the seashore, stopping occasionally
to pick up a pebble in order to toss
it back into the roaring waves,
which swallowed it up after
it had made a couple of feeble skips.*

*The little boy thought bemusedly,
as he kicked some seaweed from his tennis shoes,
how at one time that little pebble
had been a very great, perhaps stupendous
boulder which completely overshadowed
its fellows, but had been washed away into insignificance
by the crushing waves of the timeless sea.*

*The boy did not attempt to convey
this impression to his father,
knowing full well that he could never understand.
The boy knew that his father,
like the once-great boulder,
had become archaic, and could
never fully appreciate the significance
of those powerful waves.*

— Stephen McMahon '70

THE SWAMP-WATER SQUATTER



Peter Ioannilli '71

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER, just old enough to wander away from home without my mother calling the police, I used to explore my neighborhood extensively, to prove my courage to my brothers, more than from curiosity. On one of my journeys heading toward the Dedham side of town, I stumbled on a swamp and a woods at the end of a dead-end street. The swamp was destined to become a sanctuary, battleground, ice rink, amusement park, oceanic trade route, and even an outdoor cocktail lounge for me at one time or another, and now I do not forsake that hallowed ground, for I visit the swamp quite continually, be it hanging around after school, or being chased by the police Friday nights.

At first, I was awed by the swamp, for on hot days the air was heavy with the sound of life and the smell of stagnant water. Fearsome winged creatures, later to be known to me as dragon-flies, darted and whizzed high in the air. Frogs, startled by my noisy approach, ploshed into the water for safety, leaving only a black hole in the algae floating on the surface. Occasionally a rabbit, as unmoving as stone, except for a quivering nose, would materialize not four feet in front of me. The air would hang heavy with a musty wet-doggish smell, vaguely lightened by the wisps of fragrance floating up from the lilies of the valley. This flower was very plentiful, but I always felt guilty upon looking down and finding my ignorant sneakers had

been crushing a small patch of them.

Then I discovered the tub. It was an old cement-mixing trough or an oil tank cut in half or maybe both. I never found out. I only knew it was seaworthy, unsinkable, and easily maintained. The holes in it were easily patched with bubble gum, and it was steered and propelled by a single pole. I would bail out the water and mosquito eggs with a coffee can, throw in a light, long pole, push the "tub" (as it was dubbed later on) out as far as I could without getting my feet wet, and jump on. I knew just when to duck as I floated silently under the low branches of the bushes that stud the swamp and make navigation difficult, except to the experienced, such as I was. My practiced eye would quickly scan the hull for new leaks as the underwater grass swished softly against it. It was quite a unique feeling to be the only person for miles around, sitting in your private tub in your private ocean in a warm summer downfall, listening to the water hissing as it was bombarded by tiny rain droplets, and not caring if you got wet.

One day, I had arisen at my usual summer-vacation early hour, and I was at the swamp before nine. I went to the spot where the tub had been carefully concealed the previous afternoon, only to find it gone. Looking out, I noticed only one corner of it jutting out above the water, not ten feet from shore. Climbing a nearby tree for a better look, I determined the cause of the sinking. Somebody big had pushed it out and heaved rocks into it till it sank. I never found out who had done it. As far as I know, my tub is still out there, lying quietly under the water, rusting to death.

Years later, when I had begun to skate fairly well, the swamp became the local skating rink. We would go there in early November with gas and matches, and burn down as many of the reeds as possible. Then, some adventurous soul would don hip-boots, wade out into the water, and beat down the remaining vegetation with a stick. At this time of year, the swamp was at its lowest water level, but soon, under winter's prelimi-

nary onslaught of storms, the swamp would rise over three feet. Then, after it froze, skating would be our lives till the day after New Year's day. Then all my friends and myself would scout around and collect as many discarded Christmas trees as we could gather in a morning's work, and pile them up on the middle of the ice. That night, one match would produce the most spectacular blaze I've ever seen, with intense heat, thirty foot flames, and little red sparks spiraling dizzily upward into the pitch black sky. We would dance around the fire like little dwarves, paying no heed to the cracking, melting ice. I never understood what it was in those yearly fires that excited us so much, that made us sing songs and shout war cries over the roar of the flames. Whatever it was, it's not there any more. We still have our skating and fires, and we could raise the tub, but there would still be something missing. I can't describe this thing that is gone, but I know without it the swamp will never be the same.

We use the swamp now for different things, and there's a whole new crew of little kids up there now. I discourage my friends from bothering them, because they might not come back, and then they wouldn't have what I had.

The white silence of a winter night, your path lit only by the moon on the whiteness around you, the only sound your feet crunching through the snow.

The heat and noise and smell of a hot summer day all around you, made up of that stench of stagnant water, the buzzing of at least a million bugs, and the endless treefuls of birds. A look into seemingly dead water produces a world of swimming things and flopping things and things too tiny to get a good look at.

All of this is still at the swamp, but I'm not. Maybe it sounds irresistible, but I'm too busy right now. It sounds like a place of beauty, but now I find beauty in other places. I did have fun there, but I could never recapture it now. And the most tragic thing about all this that I've lost is that it doesn't really bother me at all.

Twilight

*While my thoughts stormed and left me alone,
I sat on a whitened ocean strand, far from home.
Down sank the sun and on the water
Threw its last red rays, glowing hotter,
And the waves, pushed on by the tide,
Rolled in, all wind-blown, white, and wide.
Nearer and nearer they rushed foaming,
Strange their noise.
A laugh, a murmur, rush and sigh
A secret lullaby.
It came to me, as if I heard forgotten tongues
Lovely primeval ballads that once I had sung
Learned as a boy from the gang who would
On the stone doorway steps of the neighborhood
When the summer evenings were at hand
Listen to the secret tale, covered in a small band
With small listening hearts
While our eyes made artful darts
And some of the bigger girls
Around the fragrant flowerpot swirls
To the window sat near
Rose faces, clear
And smiling, welling there
A touch of moonlight shaped like a tear.*

(Translated from H. Heine by Norman Novack '70)

"Get A Haircut"

*Two hundred men a week dying
in an unjust war;
so many more in jail for trying
to end a foolish war.
And all the Man can think of to say to me
is "Get your hair cut."*

*Garbage and pollution everywhere
(the air isn't fit to breathe)
clean fresh water is so very rare,
(no more flowers for a wreath)
And all the Man can say to me
is "Get a haircut."*

*Kids living the way we were taught;
Love your neighbor, hate war.
Now we're called delinquent, not doing what we ought
for loving our neighbor, hating war,
And the Man only says to me
"Get a haircut."*

*Civilization going downhill
and we've cried all our tears,
we're living in the age of Overkill.
In not so many years
who will place the flowers on the monument to
our stupidity?*

— Thomas Spisak '72

STREETLIGHTS CAST NO SHADOWS



(photos by Michael Lawsky)

Thomas F. Burns '70

A TIRED YOUNG MAN climbed off the old bus and started to pull himself up the hill. It was dark, of course. The low man always was the last to leave. They all treated him like dirt anyway, sending him out for coffee then shutting him off from any of their little groups. And there was always that old guy with the heavy beard who yelled at him every day, "Hey Arty, how's our own favorite kid today?" That was always good for some laughs around the office. It wouldn't be so bad but his name was Andy, not Arty. Stupid old moron.

"What a drag," Andy muttered, flipping a butt into the gutter. "Every day the same old thing. What a drag."

He turned up his street and saw a couple of kids fighting. They were fighting all right but a lot of it was just swearing and tough talk. They saw him coming and quieted down while he passed. He heard more words when he had gone along a respectable distance.

"Crazy kids," he thought, "nothing better to do, I guess. Better off fighting than coming home bushed like me every night. Their time will come too, I guess."

He was home now. Back to the house with the little room in front where he spent his nights. Mrs. Butler, his landlady, had left the light on for him, she was probably in there sewing or watching T.V. or something. She wasn't

a bad old lady, kind of a nut with her birds and flowers and all, but not a bad old girl either.

Andy stepped up onto the porch. He checked the little box with the name "Andy Bench" on it. Nothing. Not even any bills or junk mail. "Oh, well," Andy muttered. "What did you expect? Fan mail?"

He closed up the box and walked toward the door. Mrs. Butler had fixed that busted door knob, put in one of those glass door knobs instead of the old brass one. Andy looked at it for a minute and saw the bare street light reflected. There were a dozen or so dirty bugs buzzing around it. "Yeah" thought Andy. "It's been another great day, just great."

While he walked down the hall to his door, he fished for his key. Andy was punchy enough so that when he finally did pull out the right key, he jammed it into the keyhole, upside-down. He turned it over and opened the door; gave it a kick, an angry kick.

He didn't turn on the lights, just threw his coat aside and fell, face first, onto the bed. He was really beat. Fed up with it all. He just stripped down and turned in.

"What a tough day," he thought, "everyday is the same. I wish I could just drop out of the whole dirty mess." He turned over and looked toward the windows. Damn it, he'd forgotten to pull down the shades. That damn streetlight stuck right in the middle of the window and bothered him intensely. And that crazy flower box Mrs. Butler had out there cast weird shadows all over the room. Andy started to get up but just slumped back. He looked at that bare streetlight for a minute and the crazy shadows. Then he muttered, "You can all go to Hell."

He was asleep.

* * *

Andy's eyes blinked and he twisted around a couple times. He sat up and looked out the window. The sun rose right over the old street light and hit him square in the eyes. The clock said six; an hour before he usually got up. Andy blinked a few more times and mumbled

"What's an hour anyway."

The room had to be cleaned up a little so he picked up his clothes from where he had dropped them and threw the bed covers into a fairly decent position. Mrs. Butler would come in later to do the real work. Andy just didn't want to look like some kind of pig.

He thought about going to work and felt sick. All he could think about was the old guy with the "Hi Arty" business. "I can't take it," he thought and sat down on the window sill.

Something was moving outside. Yeah, there was a bird in the flower box. Crazy bird, what do you want to get up so early for. The bird started chirping and singing. Andy watched him for a while. That bird was really going at it, sitting there in the flowers singing away.

"Bird, you're a regular nut," he said, "but you sure are having a good time."

As Andy dressed, he watched that crazy little bird. Man, he was really singing his bird lungs out. Those flowers were looking better all the time. Andy shaved in the bedroom, ate a little breakfast there always watching that little bird and the flowers and their shadows that didn't look so weird in the sunlight. He noticed that the streetlight was still on but it wasn't casting any more shadows.

Andy was still an hour early but didn't care much anymore. He walked out of the room and down the hall. The door was opened. Mrs. Butler must be out there already. Sure enough, there she was in her little garden. She looked and smiled at him. He didn't know what to do. She bent over and plucked a white carnation and brought it over to him.

"May I?" she asked.

"Why not?" Andy said, feeling awkward.

She tucked it into a button hole and smiled again. Andy moved away, down the walk. He looked and saw the door-knob shining brightly in the sun.

"Have a good day," she said.

Andy smiled. "A good day. Yeah, the best."

Then he walked briskly down the street whistling to himself. He didn't notice that the streetlight was out.

Artificial Imitation Life

*From day to day we remark to each other
About the seeming beauty we find in each other's ugliness
And about the weather or any other irrelevant trivia
Which can keep us from revealing ourselves.*

*We crawl through life
With our heads held high
For when we show nothing of ourselves
There is nothing to be ashamed of.*

*This is a world in which
The real I is an uncommon sight
And whose horrifying glimpses
Are ignored or tossed aside as utter absurdity*

*We throw up images for all to admire
While burying the reality of ourselves into a grave of neglect.
Our masks are beautifully decorated
But still they are only masks.*

*But what does that matter?
We don't want to know that!
We're happy in our self-imposed ignorance
SO ON WITH THE SHOW!!*

— Ross Anderson '70

The Plight of Knowledge

*A small child was playing in the grass,
And the sun shone brightly on his little head.
He was happy with life,
Though puzzled by its substance.
Yet as simple as he was,
His ignorance was beauty.*

*Time went by,
And his ignorance turned to knowledge;
And his beauty became scarred and mangled.
Now he's lost, absurd, insane!*

It's a cold day

*It's a cold day,
And the old man at the corner
With his ragged coat on
Sells the newspapers that he never sees.*

*Life has passed him by,
And all who were near to him are gone.
So there he stands with his ragged coat on
Selling the newspapers, which he never sees.*

*The subway is closing,
As he locks his little news shack.
Then he walks the lonely streets
To the shabby room called home.*

*Ready for sleep,
The weary old man kneels at his bedside
And he prays:
That this night might be the last.*

*It's a cold day,
And . . .*

GOOD LUCK

FROM

Z TO H

James J. DiGiorgio '72

HANK SLOWLY WALKED down Winter St., more commonly called Skid Row by the higher class citizens, and gazed at the shabby buildings and empty lots where other buildings used to stand. He rubbed his hand across the bristly stubble which had grown on his neglected face. As he neared 2nd Avenue, he noticed a group of his friends sitting on the steps of one of the squalid brick buildings. He hastened his step a bit and roamed over toward the group, "How are things going with you guys?"

"'Bout as good as they're goin' with you, which don't look too good," Al said facetiously.

"Listen, don't rub it in. Any of you have a bottle?"

"I do" said Jake with a smile on his face.

"Well, would you care to pass it around," said Hank eyeing the brown paper bag under Jake's arm.

"Only one thing," said Jake.

"Which is?"

"It's empty!" At this utterance the men laughed at the frowning Hank.

"Very funny," retorted Hank.

"Hey, don't get sore now just 'cause of a little joke," said Jake almost apologetically. "By the way you meet the new guy?"

"What new guy?"

"He's inside, says his name is Zak Martin."

"Where'd he come from?"

"He told us he came from Sikesville, he says he arrived on the freight train this mornin'."

"How could he, the train only runs on Monday?"

"That's what we were thinkin' too. Wonder why he lied like that? I think we all better keep an eye on him. When I call 'im out here I want you to act friendly. Hey Zak, cmon' out here I want you to meet someone." The door at the top of the stairs slowly opened and a small man with dark hair and ragged clothes emerged. "Zak, I want you to meet Hank here, another member of our illustrious community."

"Hi there, Hank," he said cheerfully.

"Hi," responded Hank trying to hide his suspicion.

"Ya know what," said Jake, "I think Hank is jus' the man to show you 'round our nice friendly neighborhood. Alright, Hank?"

"Awright with me." With this Zak made his way down the stairs to Hank's side. "Well let's go" said Hank. The two had not gone a few yards when Jake called Hank back.

"Wait here I'll be right back," said Hank to Zak. He walked back to the group of men, "What is it, Jake?"

"Remember, act friendly. See if you can get him talking and find out somethin'."

"Don't worry I'll turn on the charm." He hurried back to Zak and again said "Well let's go." They walked in silence for a while, then when they got to this store Hank spoke up. "This here is Pop Jackson's liquor store, the finest in the neighborhood. Let's go in and I'll introduce ya." They went in and as Hank



opened the door a little bell tinkled. There behind the counter sat Pop, a plump, balding man puffing a fat cigar.

"Hello there, Hank," gleamed Pop.

"Hi Pop."

"Whose that you got with you."

"This is Zak. Just got in town."

"Well, welcome Zak."

"Hi," said Zak with a friendly smile.

"Would you two boys 'scuse me for a minute, I have some business to finish. Just look around I'll be right back." The little man walked over to someone at the other end of the counter.

"Nice little guy," said Zak.

"The best," replied Hank.

"What's that?" inquired Zak looking over toward the two at the other end of the counter.

"What's what?" said Hank.

"That guy just handed Pop some money and Pop gave him a ticket or something." At first Hank didn't know what to say.

"Well, er, you see Pop is, well, he's a bookie," blurted Hank, looking at Zak suspiciously.

"Oh really."

"Yeh he takes bets on almost anything but his main business comes from bets placed on horses that run the races over at Municipal Track." After saying this Hank wished he had kept his mouth shut. He desperately tried to change the subject and the surroundings as quickly as possible. "Come on Zak, let's go, I still have a lot to show you," he beckoned. "See you later, Pop," he yelled as they both walked out the door. Pop gave a friendly wave of his hand and went back to his "business."

"Ya know," said Zak, "I used to work with horses a few years back; do you mind if we take a little trip out to the track?"

"Why not," said Hank enthusiastically thankful that he did not ask further information about Pop. "We're not too far and maybe I might try my luck on a few races."

"Don't you place your bets with Pop?" inquired Zak.

"Well, no," stumbled Hank, "Pop has a pretty big operation and won't allow bets that are too small 'cause they just mess up his books. I'm afraid any bet I make is a little too small for Pop." Hank sighed and was proud of his excuse not to return to Pop's place with his suspicious companion.

Zak gazed at the program for the line-up in the first race. "See any good horses, Zak."

"Yeh I do, why don't you place your money on No. 5, Twilight."

"Are you sure? Look at the odds 'gainst him."

"The better the odds the more money you'll win," said Zak.

"O.K., but I hope you know what you're talking about."

They went to watch the race. As they watched they saw Twilight get a bad start and now trailed the pack. Hank almost tore up his ticket as the lead horse entered the fourth turn when he heard the track announcer say over the loudspeaker "... and Twilight is moving up on the outside ..." He turned to Zak and instead of cheering Zak had his eyes closed and his brows knit together, as if he were concentrating on something. He stared at Zak for a minute, then as if he forgot something he quickly turned around to see Twilight win the race by a nose. It was miraculous, almost magical. Hank almost couldn't believe it. Hank again turned to Zak who now had his eyes open and an exhausted look on his face.

"I told you he'd win," sighed Zak.

"You sure did, man! You sure did!" The rest of the afternoon proceeded as did the first race. Each time Zak's choice, almost unbelievably, won. The days passed and each was just as successful. Zak never bet, he didn't even watch the race, but just stood with closed eyes and knit brow. Hank didn't ask any questions he was content with his new found gold mine. He didn't tell anyone else about his good luck. Why should I help someone else get rich? Let them find their own fortune he thought. One week and six days later he went over to where Zak was to pick him up for their daily trip to the track. But Zak didn't want to go and didn't think Hank ought to go either.

"Why not?" demanded Hank.

"I can't tell ya, or give ya any logical reason, I just have a feelin'."

"Well if you won't go will you at least pick the horses for me, here's the racing form."

"Awright, but I still don't think you otta go." Zak took the form and checked a horse's name in each race.

"Boy, I'm really going to clean up

t day said Hank and went on his way despite continued arguments from Zak. Every horse Zak picked won that day, but Hank didn't win a cent. He didn't even get inside the track. He was dashing across the street toward the

entrance when he was crushed by a speeding truck and died instantly. The crowd gathered and looked, from a distance, at the mangled body of the man who was going to "clean up" that day.



Blessing

*May our worries and problems
Be like Winter's Snow,
That they stay and chill us
A while with their blasts,
But soon melt in the warmth
Of Spring's new-found Life.*

— Norman Novack '70

SHERWOOD

"IT WASN'T STILL winter and yet it wasn't quite summer and it seemed that everyone had a cold but the more optimistic called it an allergy. Back in those days, I was in a very sad mental state and I told everyone that I was coming down with the flu. Although it was a rather long case of the disease, when the cure came it came quickly, for some time after the flu's appearance, I met a new set of people who, although I didn't know it at the time, would change my life.

T. Brady '70

"As I indicated before, I had fallen into a deep mental depression. The reasons are of as much importance as the medicine. I was just moved to the west coast from New York and, to be frank, I was lost. I didn't know a soul; my closest friend was in Milwaukee; and I was newly single, being just divorced from my wife. It was true that it didn't snow in Southern California, but my early days there were pretty cloudy. I had moved into this big house which, like the real-estate agent said, had this "big beautiful backyard." He was referring to the huge woods behind just beyond my fenced in yard. I guess it didn't have a name and I imagine it's gone by now, but it was full of all kinds of game, sportsmen's game like rabbit and fox and what have you. For a while it was my life just to sit out by the fence and gaze and, on more adventuresome days, actually go into the woods and try and find some game or I should say animals. I really couldn't use the word "game" to describe something I only wanted to see. For years I'd read the "Reader's Digests" that my father sometimes brought home when I was much

younger and still at home. Sitting out in the woods, especially when I saw some kind of a beast, preferably a small one, always made me think of the wildlife stories there. I can't help but remember one precisely because the identical experience fell my way in my woods. It was nothing monumental. An animal, in my story a raccoon, in the Digest, a crow, was released from a trap by the narrator, myself, and in the Digest a young woman, and it returned to thank the person as if it knew the great service it had been done. The story was just one of those little things in which a being which is not supposed to act rationally seems to. That story impressed me and stayed with me.

"Excuse me for this lapse. I was telling you about after the move, wasn't I. The way I've told it up to now is not exactly accurate. One would think that I didn't know a soul on the coast and that's not quite true. I had to go to work every day and I did meet a few people, in fact, a rather large number of people, but I didn't like too many and really couldn't call any one a friend. It may have been some kind of a psychological block that I had no friends, but I didn't have any and it made me feel terrible. At times, if I can be frank, I was scared half to death, but I was saved.

"A gentleman, whose name I won't mention and who was perhaps my closest friend back east, telegraphed that he was coming to visit. He'd be attending the annual convention of the American Riflery Association and wanted a place to stay. My house was big and empty, so I volunteered it. In some later communications it was agreed that I would attend at least one of the days at the convention as his guest. He arrived with his own gun and when we got to my house he opened a trunk and with a kind of a flourish, presented me with a .22 calibre rifle as a gift. His expression of faith in my hospitality was welcome enough; however I was not sure I liked the idea of a gun. If I did have any doubts, and I did, they were dispelled at the meeting the next day. I was entertained by all kinds of exciting stories, ranging from grizzly bear legends to .22 calibre kiddie tales made up especially for me. I made some arrangements with a particularly attractive young huntress to examine my woods for its possibilities. Her father came along but it was an

enjoyable trip anyhow. They caught their dinner, two rabbits, which I was invited to share, but, disgusted with my apparent lack of beginners' luck, I turned it down. Several other trips were more successful and through my shooting partners, I met other shooting partners and found other shooting places better stocked than my woods. I eventually graduated from the .22 to a faster, high-powered, telescopic, hundred and sixty dollar job and was shortly making up my own .22 calibre kiddie tales.

"Life was barely looking up for me when it began to look down. My business failed, although that was no great disaster, for I could make a very good salary with my writings, but a worse crisis was that I was having some trouble seeing my target through the scope of the gun when I was hunting, and the keyboard of the typewriter when writing. I found from my doctor that I was losing my vision rapidly. They gave me some eyedrops and a few words of encouragement. Within a year I was totally blind, but that year was one of my greatest.

With a large accumulated bank account and no business to want me, I hunted each day in my huge backyard until sundown, which, as my vision failed, came more and more quickly and eventually overlapped the dawn. It was a great year even if a short one.

"My new friends, who could no longer hunt with me, it seems forgot me and once again I found myself alone.

"I still sit out there by the fence in my little wood and I can see it and hear it and feel it even though I'm blind and bedridden and a thousand miles away. The guns, both of them, are locked up somewhere in the attic of the house which was razed some years ago to make room for a highway. I think I've lost the keys to the attic somewhere in the grass but I'm not going to bother to look for them because it's night now and I'm supposed to be preparing for an early appointment tomorrow. I can't bring myself to leave my Sherwood and the sights and dreams of a blind man. Some day. I never will.

*Christmas Eve, New Year's,
1970 just ahead.
Look back and
Remember.*

Christmas '69

*What do I see?
A small boy growing up,
A small seed wanting
To become a great oak.
Look back and
Pity.*

*What else?
End to life in the cocoon
Birth of the butterfly
Life stemming from Death.
Look back in
Wonder.*

*What's this?
Life, Life, Life.
Cruel and gentle,
Apathetic and caring,
Eternal and short-lived
LIFE*

The big, bad wonderful World awaits me.

*Look forward and
Live.*

— Norman Novack '70

Departure

*Under the transporting sheets
tread my weary bones of another world,
as an all-pervading darkness envelops my limbs,
I journey to a world without limits,
save the boundaries of my imagination;
a souvenir of that other world.*

*Under these shades of darkness (or light)
one sees things quite differently.
It is a land of aspirations fulfilled,
not of cruel, pitiless reality; another domain.
Here I am anyone, anywhere I desire to be,
unrestrained by the tether of existence.*

*But now, my limbs strangely refreshed
by my long sojourn under starry beacons,
I must, for I have no choice, return to
that little purgatory which some call life.
I return to reality now;
I must awaken, perchance to dream (a nightmare).*

— Stephen McMahon '70

— Charles Dobrusin '70

Here is a candle

*Here is a candle.
Be careful.
If you share it too often
Someone somewhere will surely blow it out.
If you keep it to yourself
It will smother and disappear.
Use it wisely.
It may be all you'll ever have
To warm the cold
And light the dark.*

Strangers

*Strangers are a familiar breed with me; I see them
Every day as they travel alone with groups of lonely people,
Frequenting cramped buses and crowded subways.
They wander forever searching for a friendly voice
or a hand to hold,
or a heart to reach. Yet they only stare and never speak.*

— Thomas Yaroschuk '71

*Seldom seen twice,
they are always remembered for their lonely smiles,
or their kind words.*

*Identify them with a street or a time
but never a name, because they are strangers
Of unknown likes and dislikes and as such
They remain.*

Alas for Freedom of Religion

*Alas for Freedom of Religion
For now a State Religion springs up in our midst!*

*Two demigods,
Worshipped by millions,
Their good traits brought out,
Their faults hidden deep,
Their speeches chanted by schoolboys,
Their writings whitened in stone.*

*In the capital,
Two classic temples;
Thousands doing obeisance
'Mid columns marble and cherry trees.*

*Who are these deities,
Hallowed and enshrined?
The Democrat and the Republican;
Jefferson and Lincoln!*

— Paul M. J. Suchecki '72

*I was in
a '52 Ford
Looking for
that old celibate
On the way
I got sidetracked
and
My tennis racquet
broken (over my head)
By a boy
who didn't like
my glasses
But Basho
pulled me through*

— Peter F. Kadzis '71

The Pyramid

*The
seed of
despair, planted
so long ago by every
generation in its turn has
built this agglomerated mound of hope-
lessness under whose weight we must surely suffocate.*

— Stephen McMahon '70

Sun

*The morning sun climbs
Over the massive mountaintops.
Just as we are about to
Feel its effect the meddling
Clouds cut us off from its rays,
Bringing the rains upon us.*

*Let's start working towards
The Day When The Sun Reigns.*

— James Wenhold '70

THE CONSERVATIVE MAINSTREAM

Larry Landrigan '70

EVERYONE KNOWS what the "conservative" is. He's the authoritarian personality, the crypto-fascist, the super-patriot who wants the state to control thought. He is also—believe it or not—the extreme individualist who doesn't want the state to collect taxes, provide education, or fluoridate water. In short, this mythical "conservative" accomplishes the neat trick of being, simultaneously, a totalitarian and an anarchist.

These two extremes are hardly representative of modern conservatism, and while there are some differences within the ranks of conservatives, the general consensus of conservative thought lies somewhere in that region appropriately called central conservatism. The basic belief of this group could be outlined as follows:

1) Conservatism assumes the existence of an objective moral order based on metaphysical foundations. The conservative looks at political and social questions with the assumption that there are objective standards for human conduct and for political theories and institutions, which it is the duty of human beings to understand as thoroughly as possible and to which it is their duty to approximate their actions.

2) Within the limits of an objective moral order, the primary reference of conservative political and social thought and action is to the individual person. Conservatism is deeply suspicious of theories based on collectivities such as "minorities", "the masses", and rejects the collectivist politics based on this theory of human beings as groups rather than individuals.

3) Conservatism is profoundly anti-utopian. While it recognizes the continuing certainty of change and the

necessity of adapting basic principles to different circumstances, and while it strives always for the improvement of human institutions and the human condition, it rejects absolutely the idea that men or society are generally perfectable.

4) On the basis of concern for the individual person and rejection of utopian planning, conservatives believe in a strict limitation of the power of government. They favor freedom of social and personal action rather than government-directed action, and for an economic system free of unnecessary and arbitrary restraints by government, monopolies, or other groups. It is for this reason that American conservatives support the Constitution of the United States as **originally conceived**—to achieve the protection of individual liberty in an ordered society by limiting government power.

As I said earlier, these four points are only the base of conservative belief. There are, of course, different points of view within this framework, and while there are as many kinds of conservatism as there are conservatives, two major schools of thought stand out. These are the traditionalist and the libertarian.

The first of these, the traditionalist, has, as the name implies, a deep respect for his heritage and for the truths which have been found to apply throughout history. The basis for society, as he sees it, is a limited government that does not interfere with the rights and freedoms of the individual yet preserves internal order, provides for the national defense, and administers justice. He opposes complete anarchy, because in such a society the rights of one person may be easily infringed upon by another. (This illustrates the conservative definition of freedom,

as that condition in which an individual is free to live his life without outside interference, provided he does not infringe upon the rights of anyone else.) For the same reason he opposes a completely unrestrained, laissez-faire economic system, since it would then be possible for one person or a small group of persons to gain control of some facet of the nation's economy and thus be powerful enough to diminish the freedom of others. At the same time he would be against nationalization of industry or competition by government with private enterprises in areas already sufficiently covered by private industry (for instance, the TVA, the Postal Savings System, and the Military Air Transport System).

While the traditionalist is concerned with the duties and responsibilities that go along with freedom, the libertarian emphasizes the rights and freedom minus some of the responsibility. He is more inclined towards anarchism than the traditionalist. His premise is that the faults of politicians are so manifold that officeholders and officeseekers are not to be trusted — almost period. He would just as soon forget about tradition and concentrate on the future. He refuses to separate economic freedom from political freedom to an even greater extent than does the traditionalist, and he believes that most social problems can be solved by a totally free market.

This debate between traditionalist and libertarian is mainly a question of method and is considered by most conservatives to be subordinate to the contest between their beliefs and the Big Government ideology of the New Deal and Great Society Liberals.

The modern Liberal approach to society is founded on the idea of a super-strong central government which will do things to and for society that no one else seems able to handle. The New Deal type of Federal Government, as Dean Acheson wrote approvingly, "is the whole people organized to do what must be done". There is in this the implicit but necessary assumption that it is the government which decides what must be done. The Liberal is treading on very dangerous ground here because it is the first principle of totalitarianism that the State alone is competent to do all things and that it is limited in what it actually does only by the will of those who control the State.

The conservative is very much against the idea of the State being "the whole people organized to do what must be done". He becomes alarmed whenever the Government ventures outside the limits provided by the Constitution. Anything that must be done should be done by the individual states, or better still by local governments, or best of all by the individual.

Consider one of the government's more blatant failures to do what had to be done, the farm subsidy and production control system. The government, supposedly helping the farmer, fixed prices at high levels and then instituted strict production and marketing controls, such as acreage allotments and subsidies for not planting, to prevent the creation of surpluses. Though these price support control schemes had a beneficial effect at first, they failed to provide for long-range consequences. As time passed, production increased because of advance technology, consumption declined because of high prices, and surpluses accumulated. At the same time, markets lost to domestic production were taken by cheaper foreign imports, thus hurting the farmer even more.

What has led the government into this seemingly hopeless mess? There is nothing whatever in the Constitution that gives any branch of the government control over agriculture. In fact, during the ratification process in the 1780's, Alexander Hamilton, in the *Federalist Papers*, predicted that any attempt by the central government to control such a localized and varying industry as agriculture would be "troublesome". Disregard of the Constitution in this area has brought about the inevitable loss of personal freedom and has created economic chaos. The unmanageable surpluses, huge tax burden, high consumer prices, and troublesome controls would seem to prove the folly of ignoring the principle of limited government convincingly.

Now, to ease the problem of surpluses, the government has established further programs which in effect reward people for not producing. For a nation which is worried about its economic stability and growth, there can be no more absurd and self-defeating policy than one which subsidizes non-production.

Of course, such a venture as this costs money, which the government raises by

collecting taxes. Here the conservative is also concerned, because not only does he oppose big government spending, but also the high taxes which pay for this spending. The Liberal philosophy states that the government has an unlimited claim on our wealth and that the only pertinent question is how much money the government needs and will take.

But, says the conservative, the government does **not** have an unlimited claim on the earnings of an individual. One of the foremost principles of natural law is the right of man to the possession and use of his property, and in an urbanized society such as this, earnings often form the greater part of a man's property. It has been the fashion lately to disparage "property rights" — to associate them with greed and materialism. This attack on property rights is actually an attack on freedom, for it reflects a failure to take into account the **whole** man. How can a man be free if he is denied the right to dispose of the fruits of his labor as he wishes and instead is forced to place them in a common pool? Property and freedom are inseparable; to the extent government intrudes upon the one, it diminishes the other.

The Government is not the only force perpetrating arbitrary control on Americans. A good example of another force would be the big labor unions.

The conservative has no opposition to unions provided that they remain within their proper sphere of influence; that is as a bargaining agent for employees in disputes over employment terms. However, when those who rule these unions become too powerful, they become a threat to the freedom of both the worker and the American people.

Unions perform their natural functions when three conditions are observed: association with the union is voluntary; the union confines its activities to collective bargaining; and bargaining is conducted with the employer of the workers involved. Consider the extent to which each of these conditions is violated.

The most fundamental right of man is the right to choose whether he will associate with other men or not. Yet compulsory unionism denies the worker the right to decide which union he will join, or if he will join at all. The exercise of freedom for many of these people

means the loss of their jobs.

Political freedom is another basic right of man. Every man has the freedom to vote for a candidate he favors or to contribute to a candidate's campaign. If these freedoms are violated, the consequences are grave both for the individual voter and the free society. Yet unions do violate political freedom in the matter of campaign contributions. They do this by spending the money of union members in ways that individual members may not approve, in ways that are decided by a relatively small group of union leaders. The evil here is two-fold. First, the union's decision to support a candidate is made not by a poll of the members but by a handful of officers. Thus these few men have the power to spend huge amounts of other people's money. Secondly, the members are denied the right to decide how to spend their own money. Of course, it is even worse if the money takes the form of compulsory dues. Under union shop conditions, the only way an individual can avoid contributing to the campaign of a candidate he does not favor is to give up his job.

Unions also abuse the right of economic freedom by enforcing industry-wide bargaining and thus being able to impose its will upon the economic life of the nation whenever it wishes. If it is wrong for a single corporation to dictate prices through an entire industry, it is also wrong for a single union — or, as is more often the case, a small group of union leaders — to dictate wages and working conditions through an entire industry.

The opposition of conservatives to Communism, thought by many to be the basis of conservatism, is in reality an effect rather than a cause. Conservatism opposes Communism because Communism (and socialism) is founded on a basic philosophy which is the exact opposite of conservatism. Under Communism (in practice, certainly, even if only disputedly in theory) the Central State is supreme, with an ability to do whatever it likes to its citizens. A man in a country ruled by a Communist clique has little freedom to pursue his own life without interference from the government, and no way to escape save to defect or commit suicide. He is not free to choose his job, to own property, to speak out against things he feels are wrong in

society — in short, he enjoys none of the freedoms which conservatives consider most important. And considering the imperialistic policies which Communist governments have pursued for the past fifty-three years (gobbling up land at a rate of fifty square miles an hour), the conservative says that the only way to avoid being ruled by Communism is to destroy it; appeasement will fail, just as it failed with Hitler. As a program for this victory, the conservative recommends maintaining a military superiority (this does not, however, mean a huge military bureaucracy free to carry out all its own little schemes); a withdrawal of diplomatic relations with Communist-run governments on the grounds that a government formed by force and without the will of the citizens is not representative of them; and by a policy of protecting American rights and national interests abroad. We cannot force all the world's people to love us; no one has ever done that. But we can and must make them **respect** us, for respect is what firm alliances are made of. We should not go to war unnecessarily, but we should not be afraid to go to war to protect ourselves. To fight is to risk defeat; to acquiesce is to insure it.

One bugaboo that has been unfairly attached to the conservative philosophy is racism. This stems mainly out of the refusal of conservatives to approve the use of Federal force to bring about racial social equality, especially in the South. That, however, is completely consistent with the basic beliefs of conservatism, which opposes government intervention

in what is primarily an individual. That conservatism has nothing in common with racism, that conservatism as I have defined it is the exact opposite of racism, seems to have no effect on those who mindlessly accuse every conservative of being a Ku Kluxer and a fascist. The conservative holds, as does the Declaration of Independence, that "All men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This means all men, not just the WASPs or the blacks or anyone else. The conservative opposes the use of the government force to accomplish what might be very fine ends, because he feels that Big Government tends to take freedom from everyone, blacks included, and though Federal interference may make things better temporarily, in the end it will only drag everyone a little closer to slavery.

The conservative philosophy, then, is one that considers the freedom of man to be above the simplistic giveaways of the government which in the long run only diminish freedom; one that considers it better for a man to decide for himself how he will live, even if he takes some risk in doing so, than for the government to give him an assured full belly and control him from cradle to grave; one that considers it more important to protect the rights of all than of just a few. It is a philosophy that goes beyond materialistic schemes and attempts to bring forth the best in man. And in the final analysis, is that not the most important thing in this life?

Arteriosclerosis

*The world moved like a river,
It moved with the celerity of its tide.
But then a dam ceased the natural passage
of its great ideals,
and the green pollutants of avarice
flowed unchecked into the bloodstream of life;
and all that was once good
had been despoiled;
the result of an overproductive mind,
and an atrophied heart.*

— Stephen McMahon '70

Life's Irony

*The bile swells
and they sing some dirges.
The adrenalin pumps,
and a hero emerges.*

*The sperm count rises,
the population surges.
And the human race,
that marvelous concoction,
deceives all the fools into
thinking they are free.*

— Stephen McMahon '70



EDITORIALS

THE FORGOTTEN AMERICAN

Dennis Curran '70

ALL THROUGH the troubled 1960's, America has almost been obsessed with its alienated minorities—the black militant and the welfare mother, the hippie and the college revolutionary. The spotlight of public attention during the past decade has never really been centered on a section of the American population that all too often has been ignored and neglected, "the common man". These people were once the heroes of the American democratic mythology. Society today refers to them as the lower-middle class. Quite justifiably, Richard Nixon calls them the "forgotten Americans".

They live in overmortgaged homes in urban communities and pay a tremendous price in property taxes, poor schools and war casualties. They do not have adequate police protection, and crime in the streets of their community is rising at an alarming rate. They are told by economists that they have never had it so good, yet many blue-collar workers feel that prosperity is passing them by and they are dissatisfied with the high cost of living and the taxes.

Economically, they are whites who earn between \$5000 and \$10,000 a year and represent 40% of American families. According to the Government, an urban family maintains a "poor" standard of living at \$6000 a year while a "moderate" standard of living requires over \$9000. The American lower-middle or working class thus hangs in suspension above poverty and well below affluence. Meantime, his wages are constantly being eroded by spiraling inflation and rising taxes. The lower-middle class are employed as blue-collar workers—storekeepers, factory workers, cab drivers, policemen and firemen.

The forgotten American bitterly opposes much of what has been happening in this country. He is disgusted at the declining moral code and believes that there should be at least a decent public restraint, especially in the mass media. In an age of a changing morality, he sees himself as the last defender of public morality. And he still believes in God, country and the work ethic.

The most deeply rooted source of discontent to the forgotten Americans is the attack on middle class values by the young. This rebellion is a fundamental challenge to the pride of the lower-middle class. The younger generation seems to be telling him that his way of life is corrupt, that his sense of values is no longer useful, that his goals are worthless. Ironically, the wave of rebellion among the young — especially among the college youth — which is focused on "bourgeois values and aspirations" is, in part, financed by the middle class. For it is the parents who are providing the economic freedom for the college youth which enables them to speak so freely and critically of their parents' preoccupation with "material things".

Trapped in the city between the black ghetto and the white suburb, the lower-middle class is hit hard by taxes to pay for welfare and the other rising costs of big-city government. They have a strong prejudice toward Blacks because they think Blacks are accepting things that they should work for. However, here the forgotten American is making a grave mistake. The familiar psychology of "We made it! Why can't they?" still blinds the various ethnic groups of the lower-middle class to the handicaps of Black Americans. They don't realize that in an increasingly technological society, it is no longer possible for minority groups to "make it" on their own. The tragedy of the situation lies in the fact that lower-middle class Whites and Blacks actually share economic needs — better city services, better schools, better jobs, relief from taxes — and yet are so far apart. Ideally, they should bind together, using their combined economic and political strength to further their common interests. An alliance between the two groups would promote good will in achieving racial harmony and urban progress. However, the possibility of a coalition between them seems remote.

The working class Whites single out Blacks and liberal Whites as the scapegoats for their ills. They believe that Negroes and liberals plan to reshape American life at their expense. This attitude was evident in the campaign rhetoric of George Wallace in his attacks against "pointy head" intellectuals. The forgotten American still has a strong bias against social planners and liberals. Many listened to Wallace. The anger among the forgotten Americans has begun to express itself in politics. In addition to the Nixon election itself, it has influenced mayoralty votes from Los Angeles to Minneapolis to Boston.

There is a sort of New Populism that is sweeping the country, a revolt of the little man at the polls. It is not simply a burst of racist backlash. Although bigotry has played a part in the revolt, part of his resentment towards the black man can be traced to the middle class White's sense of desertion by a government that appears preoccupied with Negro needs and inattentive to his own. Thus, liberals who have oversimplified the revolt by shouting "racism!" at the white reaction to the black revolution are contributing to the growing suspicion of the lower-middle class that liberals neither understand nor sympathize with the forgotten Americans.

In the past the government has put very little thought into the problems of the lower-middle class. The problems of the lower-middle class have been ignored and neglected for decades, and the time is NOW for the government to take up the challenge to produce new social programs for the forgotten Americans.

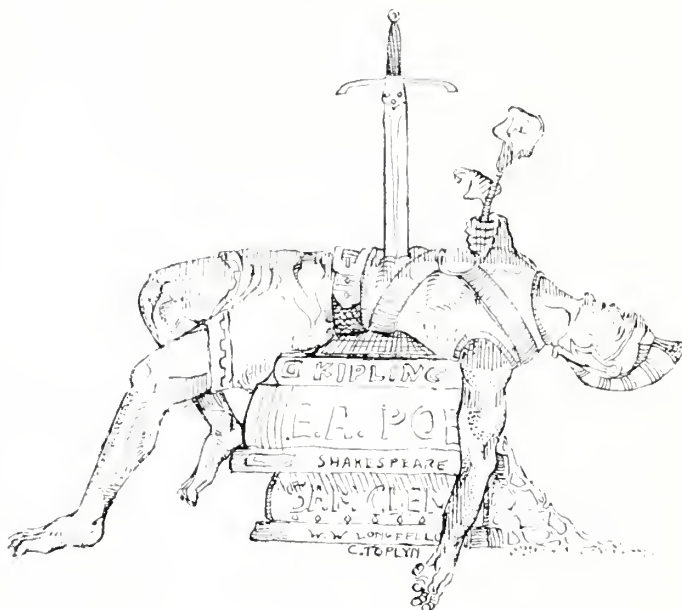
*They hung jesus on the cross
And pierced his hands and feet
With nails.
But now they are gone,
Taken into the unknown,
Dead.*

It's a good thing jesus didn't preach reincarnation.

*But when i read the daily newspaper
i start to wonder,
"Maybe jesus wasn't right?"*

— James Wenhold '70

The Register's



Raving

Reporter

- Jan. 1:** With the beginning of a new decade, Ye R.R.R. would like to revive an old unwanted tradition by adding the following to the already too large collection of elephant, banana and other assorted fruit and animal jokes:
- Q. What's green, plays the guitar and sings?
- A. Elvis Parsley.
- Q. What do you get when you cross a banana with a stripper?
- A. A banana that peels itself.
- Q. Why do ducks have webbed feet?
- A. To stamp out forest fires.
- Q. What's tall, green, and rides a horse?
- A. Hop-A-Long String bean.
- Jan. 2:** Definition of a toilet: a hangout for bums.
- Jan. 3:** Until recently, Ye R.R.R. was under the mistaken belief that Johnny Cash was a backwoods pay toilet.

- Jan. 6:** Overheard on the third floor:
- Master: Jones, define trigonometry.
- Jones: Trigonometry is when a man is married to three wives at once.
- Jan. 7:** Show me a butcher on vacation and I'll show you a meat loaf.
- Jan. 9:** Ye R.R.R. has noticed that on Thursday afternoons after lunch there is an overabundance of natural PRO-FANE gas.
- Jan. 12:** Sixie 1: "What's transparent and has a television shew?"
- Sixie 2: "I give up."
- Sixie 1: "Ed Cellophane."
- Jan. 15:** Sign in local car dealer's window:
- Why go elsewhere to be cheated when you can come here?
- Jan. 19:** Today Ye R.R.R. received protests from Lassie and Gentle Ben demanding equal time. The statement from the former was pretty bad, but

the one from the latter was unbearable!

Jan. 20: Overheard:

1st nudist: "Did you hear that Joe was thrown out of the colony?"

2nd nudist: "No! What happened?"

1st nudist: "He was sticking his nose into everybody's business."

Jan. 21: Ye R.R.R. is told that a prune is a plum that has seen better days.

Jan. 25: Public announcement: The sermon this week at the West Congregational Church will be "Do you know what Hell is?" Come hear our new organist.

the tardy desk wouldn't accept the religious observance of Groundhog Day as a valid excuse.

Feb. 4:

Feb. 5: Ye R.R.R. simply could not find himself yesterday.

Feb. 6: Ye R.R.R.'s girl friend is sort of like a jeep, not much for looks but a tremendous chassis.

Feb. 10: Ye R.R.R. bought a new deodorant today; does nothing for perspiration but makes your armpits disappear.

Feb. 11: Zoo-keeper; "My elephants have diarrhea. What should I give



Jan. 30: In a garage:

"May we have the next dents, please?"

Feb. 1: Today Ye R.R.R., the Ponce De Leon of B.L.S., found a water fountain that works!

Feb. 2: Ye R.R.R. was late today and

them?"

Vet: "PLENTY of room!"

Feb. 15: Overheard in 326:

Master: "Two trains are rushing down the same track on a collision course. One is engineered by a Norwegian,

the other by a wino. Why won't the two trains crash?"
Student: "Because Norse is Norse and Souse is Souse and never the trains shall meet."

Feb. 17: Ye R.R.R. is thinking of joining a fraternity at college and studying wildlife.

Feb. 18: Ye R.R.R. was tardy today for the fifteenth straight day. He was awarded a private supply of tardy slips, a stamp with his name on it to save time signing in, a book of one thousand excuses in case of emergency, and one misdemeanor mark in honor of his record breaking performance.

Feb. 19: Ye R.R.R., still basking in his recently found glory, made it sixteen straight, tying the city record held by Nathan Walsh, E.H.S., class of '13. The Victory club gave him a very enthusiastic welcome.

Feb. 21: Ye R.R.R. was so eager to break the record yesterday that he walked in on time drawing jeers from all sides.

Feb. 23: Read in newspaper: "Although the patient had never been fatally ill before, he woke up dead."

Feb. 29: According to the Bibles printed north of Fairbanks, the Eskimos are God's frozen people.

Apr. 1: Today is Ye R.R.R.'s birthday. His father still thinks the whole thing is a joke.

Apr. 10: Today Ye R.R.R. had nothing better to do than to go up to the library after lunch and listen to the Reader's Digest.

Apr. 15: The man most convinced that people are descended from monkeys is the guy who picks up the peanut shells at the ballpark.

Apr. 20: First Sixie: "What's yellow, weighs 2000 lbs., has four legs and sings?"

Second Sixie: "Two thousand pound canaries."

Apr. 23: A rectangle is a sloppy square.

May 1: Actually read in **Liber Actorum**, "In God We trust; everyone else pays cash."

May 3: more mottoes:

"Conscience is what hurts when everything else feels good."

"Keep smiling; it makes people wonder what you've been up to."

May 15: Today Ye R.R.R. realized that he never really hated the school. It was just the principal of the thing.

"Recordate, avis paradisi in valle virburni trilabi non nidificat"

— Insegregivus LXX



PURDY

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